

Our Fourfooted Friends and How We Treat Them

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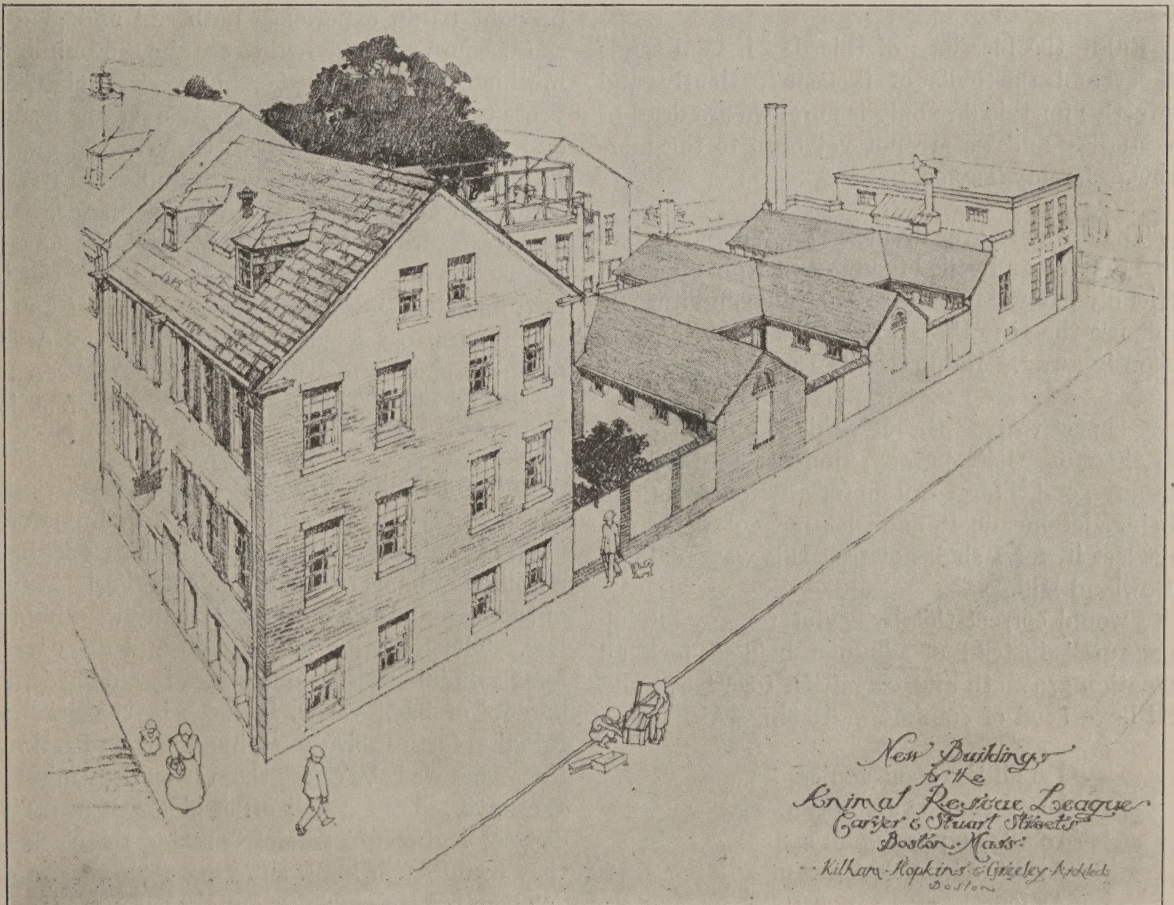
ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

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New Year's Number



WHAT OUR NEW HEADQUARTERS WILL BE WHEN FINISHED

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

New Year Thoughts

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.
—James Russell Lowell.

The New Year is not present with us, only a new day. So it will be continually. We shall see but one day at a time. . . . If each day is lived aright the whole year will be right.—J. H. Bliss.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

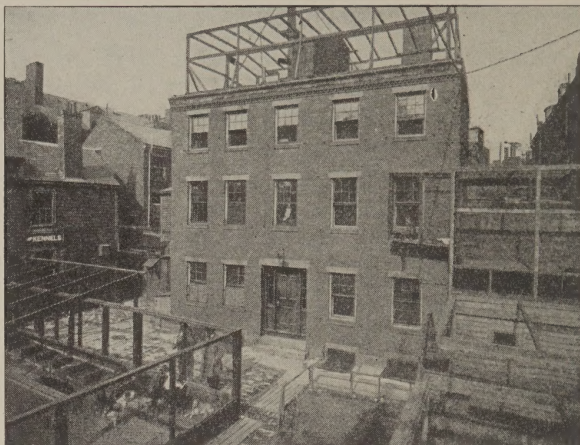
The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I expect to pass through this world but once. If therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do for any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—Rowland Hill.

I would correct this by saying for any "living creature" instead of "human being," for "all creation groaneth and travaileth together," and all have need of comfort and help.—A. H. S.

Do all the good you can.
In all the ways you can.
In all the places you can.
At all the times you can.
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley.



ONE OF OUR BUILDINGS TORN DOWN FOR THE
STUART STREET EXTENSION

A Brief Review

The year of 1922 has marked an epoch in the history of the Animal Rescue League. It has brought us an experience both sad and glad—sad because we have had to see the old buildings in which we have carried on our work for eighteen years torn down, almost literally over our heads, and glad because we expect to have the model kennels and convenient offices and store rooms which our greatly increased work demands.

We are sure that when the rebuilding has been completed every one who is at all interested in lost, homeless, neglected, diseased dogs and cats will rejoice to see such a comfortable and well-fitted-up shelter to which these animals can be carried and humanely disposed of. (See frontispiece.)

In the old buildings we have done a great work. We have received and cared for humanely 556,774 animals. Think of that! Over half a million animals rescued from suffering! Many of these animals were diseased; many were homeless. The majority of the cats and dogs were females, hiding under doorsteps, in old sheds, in corners of back yards, in holes in the ground, bringing forth their young in sorrow and starvation—and we have taken them from their misery. We have fed them and often given them a few days of real comfort before putting them where they could never know suffering again.

There are those who complain because we put so many animals to death. I repeat what I have

said before—one week only, spent in our receiving office, hearing telephone messages; reading pathetic letters begging us to send for sick animals; and looking in the mournful eyes of old, sick, and injured animals brought into our doors, would convince anyone, who is capable of reasoning, of the humanity and the wisdom of our work. Shall these neglected and diseased animals, these animals that nobody wants, be allowed to live out a miserable existence and even breed and multiply? Is it true kindness to throw them out a crust and leave them unsheltered, unloved?



STRAY DOG PLACED IN A GOOD HOME

I again assure our readers that we put just as many cats and dogs in homes as we can find *good* homes for, and while this is not a large number compared with the number of those we put humanely to death, we get many most interesting letters from every part of New England, and sometimes from more distant states, expressing much satisfaction in dogs and cats that were taken from the League. Better one good home than a hundred where the animal is continually neglected, chained up, treated with less consideration than a machine.

It is my intention in the near future to get out a brief historical review of the work of the League since its beginning. Suffice it to say that every year we have taken some important step in advance. We have never gone backward. The Animal Rescue League asked for a Home of Rest for Horses in connection with its work the very

year it was organized and received in 1902 a promise of \$5,000, but obstacles arose and the Home was not started for several years. It was the Animal Rescue League that started watering the horses in Boston; it was the League that started the Christmas for Horses. We have established from year to year Receiving Stations in different parts of the city and suburbs. Recently we have started a missionary work on the Cape, an account of which may be seen in another part of the paper. So we have gone on, our educational work keeping pace with the practical work, giving out thousands of humane leaflets, assisting in organizing Animal Rescue Leagues in other states, the influence and the help from our work going in every part of this country and even as far as India.

We have never made what one might call any great demand on the public, that is, we have not had a "drive," and at this time when we are rebuilding we feel as if the public should consider this and come forward and help us as generously as they possibly can. We do not want to take money away from other charities. We do not wish to wear people out with our begging, and we have not done so, but we do ask every one who is at all interested in the suffering of animals to examine most carefully the work our League is doing and then to give according to their means to help us keep the work up. — A. H. S.

This is a good time to join the League. Our membership fees are \$1 Associate; \$5 Active, and \$100 for a Life membership. Juniors pay 25 cents. Your dog or your cat can become a Junior member.

Will you not subscribe for OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS. Our price has been 60 cents a year, and we have not changed, though it costs us as much as that to get it printed, and we should have at least 75 cents a year.

We wish all our friends a Happy New Year and thank them for everything they have done to help us lessen the unmerited sufferings of our fourfooted friends and to improve their condition.



FEEDING THE HORSES IN POOR SHELTER AT CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS FOR HORSES

The Christmas for horses was carried out this year by the Animal Rescue League with its usual thoroughness and zeal. Three motor cars were employed from Saturday noon until Monday noon, visiting stables where the horses we wished to help are kept, and also in feeding the pedlars' horses standing in the market districts, and the cab horses waiting in the streets. Saturday evening at the market was a specially interesting time; so much appreciation was shown of our work for the horses.

About 2,500 bags were filled and given out. The places visited were the North, South and West Ends of Boston, East and South Boston, parts of Cambridge and Brookline, Somerville, Charlestown, Medford, Malden, Everett, Revere, Beachmont, Winthrop, Chelsea, Roxbury, Dorchester, Jamaica Plain and one stable in Newton.

During these trips eighteen horses were found that were unfit for further work and were purchased. Eleven horses were taken by our agent to the Work Horse Relief Hospital to enjoy a period of rest before they get their final release from labor and suffering.

Having noticed on these trips that in many of the stables visited there were cats that were not any too well cared for, and yet were necessary on account of the number of rats that always are found in such places, we decided to give these cats also a Christmas feast, and about forty cans of salmon were carried out and left at the stables. This seemed to give much pleasure not only to

the cats who ate the salmon greedily, but to the men who kept the stables, and who were glad to see their humble associates enjoying the feast they seldom get.—A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Giving and Getting

Barbara Field opened a bureau drawer in her room and closed it again so noisily that her mother, who was passing by, looked in at the door.

"What are you doing, Barbara?" she asked.

"I'm putting away that silly little pin cushion cousin Nellie gave me. I would like to send it back to her!" Barbara answered crossly.

"Why Barbara," exclaimed her mother, "I'm astonished! Do you give your presents expecting to get just as good as you send in return? That isn't the Christmas spirit."

"No, I don't, mother, but I took such a lot of trouble, and spent more of my Christmas money for Nellie than for anyone else, and she didn't take any trouble about me, though she has twice the money to spend that I have," answered Barbara, in a very hurt tone. "I think she was very ungrateful, for I gave her a beautiful present last year, too."

"Yes, answered Mrs. Field, "I noticed that you spent more money and time on her present than you did on your school friend, Lottie, who, I am sure, gets very few presents and needs many things her mother can't give her. I was hoping you would send your *best* gifts to the friends who need them the most—but you didn't. Why do you take so much trouble to study what to give your cousin Nellie, who has everything in reason that she wants, and so little trouble over your more needy friends?"

Barbara could not answer. Her mother continued: "When you talk about ingratitude, have you sent a note of thanks to our old Betty, who knit that little bag for you?"

"Oh, mother! I couldn't carry a thing like that now, could I?"

"Perhaps not, but Betty knit it for you with her poor crippled hands because she used to take care of you and loved you. She deserves more

thanks than you do for giving an expensive present to a girl who can afford to buy anything she really wants, and using up the money you might have given to help friends who deserve your gratitude and help."

"Why mother! what good friends have I neglected?" cried Barbara.

"Yesterday I heard you refuse to promise one dollar a year—only *one* dollar a year—to help the Animal Rescue League take care of lost and neglected animals and carry on their work to lessen suffering," said Mrs. Field, sadly. "It grieved me very much to think you were so ungrateful."

"Ungrateful? I don't understand what you mean, mother."

"You are fond of Prince, aren't you?"

"Why, of course I am!"

"You wouldn't feel quite as safe when we are in the country without him, would you?"

"Of course I wouldn't! He's our watch dog."

"You seem to be fond of Tommy-cat, and I heard you tell one of your friends what a good mouser he is and how he keeps the field mice from getting into the house,—yes, you feel no gratitude to your dogs or your cat for their usefulness. If you did you would be glad for their sake to help homeless and neglected dogs and cats by giving for their benefit *one dollar* a year."

"That would not help much," said Barbara.

"If every one who has been helped by a horse, a dog or a cat, would give even one dollar a year to societies that are working for the comfort of these useful friends of man, there could be a great deal more done to help them," said Mrs. Field. "Do you ever think what you get from the cow, and how she spends her life in your service? You drink milk; you think you must have butter; you like cheese; you are very fond of cream—who gives you all these luxuries? The cow. You like beefsteak and roast beef. Do you realize that such food comes often through the great suffering of cattle on the ranches, in the cattle cars, and in the final agony of the slaughter house?"

"I've never thought of it," answered Barbara, slowly.

"The sheep, too. You wear woolen clothing. You eat lamb chops. Many things are made

from the skins of cattle and sheep. They live, they suffer, they die for us—what are we doing for them?"

"I never thought about it, mother," said Barbara again.

"Much of the suffering inflicted on these animals that we use for food and clothing might be very greatly lessened if everybody who drinks milk, wears woolen clothing, eats flesh, were grateful enough for what they get from these humble and cruelly-used servants of man to support liberally those societies that are organized and working all the time for their relief. Yet every little while some one dies, leaving thousands of dollars for colleges, hospitals, parks, libraries, and other charities, but not one dollar for the benefit of servants who have been working for him all their lives. Is this just? Is it not the rankest ingratitude?"

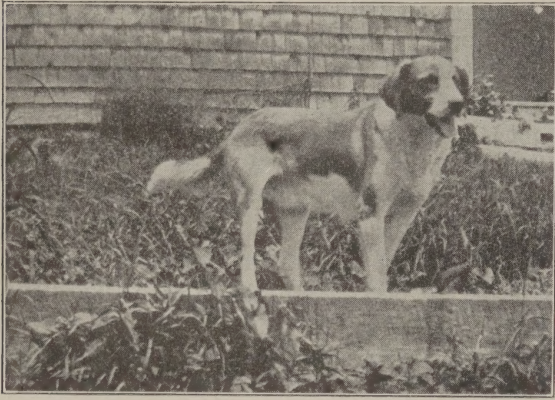
"Yes, mother," said Barbara, with kindling eyes. "I see it now, and I will give all I can to show my gratitude to them every year I live, and my sympathy for the suffering that they do not deserve. I can see that every day I am getting comfort and pleasure from my fourfooted friends, and I promise you I will give them something in return."

"That's right, Barbara, I thought you had heart enough and good common sense enough to see the ingratitude and injustice of the way most of the world takes from our good friends—the horse, the cow, the sheep, the pigs, the hens, the dogs, the cats and the birds—but never think of giving even a small sum every year to make their hard lives more comfortable. Sometime I hope the world will become so civilized that no one will eat the flesh of living creatures. We do not need it. You know that I never eat it myself, and you have heard me say that it was because of the suffering inflicted on them. They are very sensitive, not only to pain, but to fright and to every sort of ill-treatment. They are our brothers and sisters. Commit to memory, dear child, these lines of Robert Browning, and quote them when you have a good opportunity to anyone who thinks you are too sentimental about these lower animals:

"God made all the creatures and gave them
our love and our fear

To show that *we and they are his children, one family, here.*

"I do not believe in any man's religion who is indifferent to the sensitive feelings of the lower animal creation, or who uses them for his own benefit without regard to what they may suffer. Now, Barbara, forget your cousin Nellie's ingratitude, as you call it. She probably had so many presents to give and she receives so many that Christmas is not as important an event to her as to you, and when you give next year, give where your gift will do the most good—for 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—A. H. S.



HOBIE WATCHING FOR WOODCHUCKS

"Hobie"

Our village is eight miles from the farm and about half the way lies along the turnpike by Newfound Lake, and it is a bitter cold ride for man or beast in the winter.

One day last February when it was twenty degrees below zero, my husband was walking beside our old horse, for the snow was very deep and the wind blew, so he thought it would help old Bill (he is 25 years old) to have company at his head, so he walked the whole eight miles.

Every once in a while Bill would look the opposite way and Mr. Innes, thinking something was wrong with the harness, went around and found a dog, just a "yaller dog." Of course he thought he had run along from the village and somebody would be missing him, but as there are no farms along the way, he let him come home.

We found his ears were frozen, his paws raw and bleeding, and he was, oh, so hungry! He

seemed to like warm milk better than meat, and he did want to rest. We dressed his ears and paws, and he decided that an old easy chair we have in the kitchen was just right for a bed, and he has had it ever since.

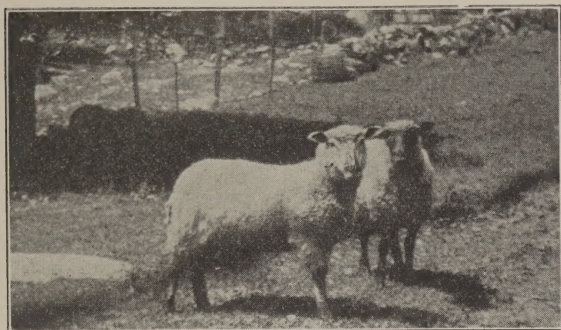
We found that a lumber crew had gone through the village and left him. Poor beastie, he had begged all around for a home, but no one would have him. He hung around the livery stable, and that is where he found our team, for when it's so cold we never leave the horse outside even with a blanket, if it is going to take long for our errands. Bill is very clever and we think he told the dog to come along, that we love all animals and had no dog, only eleven cats.

He was such a tramp and only a mongrel, part hound and part bird dog, that we named him "Hobo," but he is so clever and loving that we call him "Hobie."

The cats didn't seem to mind him nor he them, and he has learned not to chase the cattle. At first, in the spring, he thought they must all be driven back to the barn, but now he goes all through the pastures and never troubles them; but if one happens to stray from some other pasture and come into our driveway, he knows it and is out, and before I can get the paddock gate open he has it there. We have been troubled very much in previous years with stray cattle from a neighboring pasture and our gardens have suffered, but not this year; and woodchucks, oh, how they did love our cabbage, etc., but not now. Hobie spent the spring and early summer chasing them, and now they have moved back so that we are not bothered at all.

He also helps me with hawks. We have white hens and raise a great many chickens which we let have free range, and hawks are a great menace. A hen will always sound a warning when there is a hawk overhead, and if a person will shout "Haw!" at them it will often prevent them from swooping, and now when Hobie hears me shout "Haw!" he barks and stands on his hind legs and barks more frantically up in the sky. I have never seen a dog do that before.

He never touches any food not meant for him except molasses, and if he can get my jug he will take out the cork with his teeth, tip over the jug and lap up the molasses just as fast as he can.



COSSET SHEEP 1 YR. OLD BROUGHT UP ON BOTTLES
LIKE ORPHAN BABIES AT HEBRON PASTURES FARM

He has done that several times. He will also help himself to *apples*, but never meat or the things you would suppose a dog would like.

When he first came he didn't seem to want me to touch him, in fact he seemed to be shy of being petted even by my husband, but now he is very loving with us both.

The first time he saw me with a broom I thought he was going out the window, he was so afraid, but he knows now that my broom is for sweeping, not driving dogs.

In many ways he showed us he had been abused, but I think he is forgetting it now, for he seems a very happy dog and we are very happy people to have had him adopt us and show us in so many ways his gratitude for his home.—
Marianne James, Hebron Pastures Farm, Bridgewater, N. H.

The Joy of God-Union

PARABLE BY MEISTER ECKHART

There was a learned scholar who eight long years desired that God would show him a man who would teach him the Truth. And once when he felt a very great yearning, a voice from God came to him and said: "Go to the church and there shalt thou find a man who will show thee the way to blessedness." And he went and found a poor man whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt; and all his clothes were hardly worth three farthings. And he greeted him, saying: "God give you good day!"

He answered: "I never had a bad day."

"God give you good luck."

"I have never had ill luck."

"May you be happy! But why do you answer me thus?"

"I have never been unhappy."

"Pray explain this to me, for I cannot understand it."

The poor man answered: "Willingly. You wished me good day. I never had a bad day; for if I am hungry, I praise God; if it freezes, hails, snows, rains, if the weather is fair or foul, still I praise God; am I wretched or despised, I praise God; and so I have never had an evil day. You wished that God would send me luck. But I never had ill luck, for I know how to live with God, and I know that what He does is best; and what God gives me or ordains for me, be it good or ill, I take it cheerfully from God as the best that can be, and so I never have had ill luck. You wished that God would make me happy. I never was unhappy; for my only desire is to live in God's will, and I have so entirely yielded my will to God's will that what God wills, I will."

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of December the League received 1845 cats, 483 dogs, 112 horses, and 25 smaller animals. We placed 59 dogs and 13 cats in good homes.

November was a very busy month at our headquarters. Beside receiving all the animals that were brought in, the office force were all hard at work getting ready for our Fair in December. The Fair took place December 4 and 5, at Hotel Vendome, and we are sure it is going to show very good results, though, as the bills have not yet come in, we cannot give any definite sum for the net proceeds. Another month we shall be able to give our readers more precise information. Beside the Fair, our booth at the "Atlantic City Board Walk," Mechanics Hall, brought to our office increased work, but a good deal of satisfaction, as during the time it was kept open, from December 1 to 9, we had a very good attendance, and a number of persons who were never before

interested in the work became members of the League through reading our posters and circulars. Taking everything into consideration, we feel that the expense of hiring the booth on this occasion was well worth while. The cost of it was \$400, with a few extra expenses. We took in over \$380 and got a number of new members, besides giving out many of our humane reports and circulars, which we hope will do good to those who read them.

Our emergency cases were more numerous than usual during the past month, 89 calls having been sent in for us to rescue animals from unusually painful situations. A bag of three-weeks-old kittens were thrown down on the doorsteps of a business house. A rabbit was left in a box on an elevated train, apparently deserted. A number of cats and dogs were run over, and a number of cats had been frightened into climbing to a great height in trees. All these emergency cases were attended to as promptly as we could possibly get a man and a car, but sometimes all our men and cars being out, it is difficult to send immediately.

Beach Work

Through the months of October and November the record of the work our men have done on the beaches shows how great is the need of it. They found either deserted, or they took from families who were going to leave the beaches and did not want their animals, 387 cats and 52 dogs; 279 of the cats were females. The places visited were Nantasket, Allerton, Winthrop, Beachmont, Marblehead, Houghs Neck, South and East Weymouth, Wollaston, Quincy and Revere.

The work of visiting these beaches was kept up every week during the two months. There are now a number of cottagers who take in cats and kittens that people do not wish to take home with them, so they are provided for until our men can call for them. Formerly these animals were deserted. On a number of these beaches fishermen reside, and they have had formerly to go out in the fall and shoot many of the deserted cats. The population on the beaches changes more or less every year; many foreigners have built little

cottages along the shore, and it is difficult to educate these people so they will not carry cats with them for the children to play with,—they have no regard for the animals themselves.

Lynn Receiving Station

Appeals came to the League so constantly for help in Lynn, where there are many deserted and abused animals on the streets, that at last we decided to give regular employment to an agent, Miss Jordan, who lived in Lynn, and was already doing the work on her own account. She began early last summer to work as agent for the League. Since that time she has, with only the occasional aid of a small boy, taken and humanely cared for over one thousand animals, which shows the great need of the work in Lynn.

We attempted a work there once before. We thought we had it well established, and left it in the hands of Lynn residents to carry on independently of our League. For some reason it did not succeed, and since that time nothing has been done excepting what has been accomplished by two or three humane people on their own account.

The house we have been hiring for the work is inadequate to our needs, as there is no place to put dogs in it and no space for other conveniences for the work; therefore, we purchased, December 11 a cottage on the same street as the house we have been hiring, which we are now having fitted up for a permanent Receiving Station or Branch of the Animal Rescue League. We think it best to keep it in our own hands and then we shall know how the work is being conducted.

We are, however, hoping when the Lynn people find that we have put out so much time and money to relieve their city of suffering animals that they will come forward and give us some assistance.

When the cottage is completely renovated and ready for occupancy it is our intention to have an opening afternoon and invite a few of the Lynn ladies that may be interested in the work.

We have already had one bequest from Anna F. Manson of Peabody, who died September 2, and left \$500 to the League to be used in carry-

ing on the work of the Lynn Branch of our Society. This is very encouraging, as we hesitated somewhat as to whether we should assume this added expense when we have already so large a work on our hands.



Dime Banks

The above perfect illustration is of the dime savings banks which we are asking our friends to take and fill at their convenience for the benefit of our Lynn Branch. Even if they are not interested in Lynn I am sure they will be interested in our getting money for it, especially in order to save us from taking from our general fund money which is needed in the rebuilding and in our local work.

The dog in the picture was once a League dog, but was placed in the hands of Miss Mary Forbes, a well-known horse and dog lover. This dog lived many years of happy life, and died of old age about a year ago. The cat was one of the waifs found on the streets; the horse belonged to Miss Martha C. Codman, one of our Board of Directors.

On the opposite side of the bank are the words,—

This bank will hold

50 DIMES

For the sake of some animal you love or have loved we ask your help to rescue the thousands that are deserted, neglected, illtreated every year.

Anyone interested in the suffering of animals and in helping us to lessen that suffering, and

who is willing to take one of these banks and fill it, will do us a great favor, and we shall be most grateful to them. Send request for these banks to Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street, Boston, giving name and address, so we can mail them.

This will be a favor to me personally, for when I suggested buying the cottage for our new branch in Lynn I promised our treasurer, who keeps careful watch over our financial affairs, that I would try my best to raise the money myself independent of our other work.—Mrs. Huntington Smith, President.

About the Fair

The Dolls' House, which attracted so much attention at the Fair of the Animal Rescue League, is going to the New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children, which received the most votes, and will be presented to them on Christmas day as a surprise.

The Dutch Garden, which was presided over by Miss Frederika Houghton and her young friends, was very successful at the Fair and much admired.

"Buttons," the dear little white dog which Miss Frederika Houghton took from the League about a year ago, showed the gratitude of his young mistress and his own good will to his friends by collecting in the little basket at the Animal Rescue League Fair about fifty dollars in money. The little dog "Buttons," who has been with us at other fairs and done so well for us, was getting too old to be subjected to the nervous strain of seeing so many people. We missed him and remember him with gratitude. We are fortunate to have little "Buttons" Houghton to take his place.

The Traveling Christmas Tree, carried out by Mrs. J. G. B. Gromer and Miss Martha Gruell, attended by two charming little fairies, Blanche Tarlin and Pauline Kaplan, was speedily dismantled of its pretty articles and had to be re-filled constantly.

The Grape Arbor was another feature of the Fair that was greatly admired. It was got up to represent the arbor at Pine Ridge, where the grapes were picked out of which the 150 glasses of jelly and 60 quarts of grape juice were made to

be sold under the shadow of the artistically planned arbor. The pears, which were also the product of Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses, were put up in seven different ways and sold from the Grape Arbor.

Altogether, the Fair was the most picturesque and interesting one ever held before, and we think more successful financially. Every table was well provided with lovely articles and the ladies who have helped us year after year were all most gratified with the results. Besides these helpers, we were fortunate in having quite a number of new helpers, who we hope will continue with us and be as faithful and loyal to the work as our workers who have been with us so long.

We restored a number of lost dogs to their owners last month, among them one Airedale. This dog had been lost for two weeks. He was reported to the League several times as being seen wandering about in different places, but could not be caught. Finally, he was brought in by one of our Directors, and, although he was only lost two weeks, he was a terrible sight. He was two years old, but he looked like an old dog. He was one mass of burrs from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Our telephone operator called up a number of persons who had lost Airedales and at last located the owner. The reunion was very touching,—a weeping woman and a leaping dog, crying and whining with joy at meeting his owner once more.

Other lost dogs we have been watching for, but have not yet seen them. Doubtless a number of dogs reported lost are stolen and carried away at a great distance. If the thieves only realized the great suffering they cause not only the owner of the dog, but the dog itself, possibly they would hesitate before they committed this mean crime.

The League has sent out a great many humane stories and leaflets during the past month, to New Jersey, Wisconsin, California, Tennessee, Maine, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia.

This fall has been a very good time to get old horses and horses that were otherwise unfit for work. Owing to the high price of feed, men who own that sort of horses are often willing to sell them for a small sum rather than to keep them through the winter. If they were kept through the winter, they would be starved and perhaps taken out on the ice to stumble about and break their legs. There is nothing much more pathetic than to see an old horse slipping and sliding on an icy street, trying his best to haul a pedlar's cart or junk wagon, and evidently sweating with fear every step he takes.

Among the horses our agent, Mr. MacDonald, rescued, was a small dock-tailed mare, twelve years old. This mare had every evidence of having been very much abused. There was a scar on her forehead, scars on both hind legs, and her feet were sore and lame. She had got a reputation for kicking and running away. The result of this was that she was being sold from one stable to another and growing more nervous and unmanageable with every owner who attempted to drive her. When our agent took her away from the pedlar who was using her last, he was driving her with a curb bit, her head was checked up by an overdrawn rein, and she had on a heavy kicking strap. Our agent had to pay \$10 to secure her, but he was very glad to get her at that price, as he knew her life was one continual torment.

Another mare was found that was used in a barrel wagon in Somerville, but had been badly injured in the right hind leg by falling through a scuttle hole in the stable floor which was carelessly left open. She was secured for the sum of \$6.

A red roan horse was found in the hands of a contractor in Medford, his right hind leg enlarged to about four times its normal size. It was an incurable trouble, and he was secured by payment of \$7.

A contractor in Boston had several horses in his stable that were old, thin, and generally in bad condition. Our agent made a bargain with the man and secured three of them for \$20. Someone may ask why we pay anything for such horses. In reply, we will say, as we have often said before, that the law does not allow us to take any man's horse away from him without pay-

ment. We should have to put the man in court and wait for a verdict of the judge before we could get the horse if we did not pay these small sums at once, and it is always possible to doctor up a horse in some way so that temporarily, if the horse is taken to court, he will appear so well that nine judges out of ten would not condemn him. The majority of judges are always unwilling to "take a poor man's horse away from him," no matter how bad the condition of the horse may be.

A blind horse that was used on a farm in Ashland was discovered by our agent in such condition that he was continually stumbling and falling on his knees. The farmer was persuaded to give him up for \$5.

A horse was seen in a junk wagon, hauling a heavy load of old iron. The driver happened to stop on Broadway right back of the League kennels. One of our men went out and protested against the use of the horse, as he was seen to be suffering with an incurable lameness. We had him unhitched and he was at once put beyond reach of any further suffering.

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

During the past month the following number of animals were taken at our Receiving Stations:

Industrial School, North Bennett Street.....	46
Neighborhood House, 79 Moore Street, Cambridge	48
Roxbury Station, 19 Lambert Avenue.....	133
Work Horse Relief Station, 109 Northampton Street	65
East Boston, 341 Meridian Street.....	38
West Lynn, Neptune Street	147
Pine Ridge, Dedham.....	6
Medfield.....	4
	487

BROOKLINE, Apr. 12, 1922.

I received a postal card from you regarding a cat that I got there in June, 1922. The cat has proved entirely satisfactory. It is a very lovable animal and we enjoy having it around.—T. C.



ONE OF THE SHEDS WHERE ANIMALS WERE KEPT

Missionary Work

Mr. W. H. Irwin, having begun to make his trips around the Cape, is finding a good deal of suffering among the animals. One man, who is keeping twenty-one cows, does not give them any bedding, no matter how cold the weather is. He also has eight horses, which were kept out of doors until Mr. Irwin went to see him and told him he must do better by his farm animals. Mr. Irwin will follow up this case and put the man in court for cruelty, if he does not do better, but he is giving him fair warning first.

Miss Margaret Morse, one of our Directors, discovered a horse tied up in the vicinity of a house in the country so old and weak that he was not able even to take any food. She wrote at once to Mr. Irwin, who went to the place and secured the horse at once. Nothing could be done but to put him to death, which was the greatest mercy that could befall him.

At "Polandville," Mr. Irwin spent four days. It was difficult to work there on account of not being able to understand the language of the Poles, but he managed to show them that they absolutely must keep their goats, pigs, and other animals in better condition, and that he should follow them up by another visit in a short time to see that they had carried out his directions. He writes, "I shall try to cover this territory again in January. I think they are scared and will do better."

In South Abington, Mr. Irwin found two cows that were evidently afflicted with tuberculosis. He reported their cases to the Board of Health

and they visited the place and decided the cows must be killed at once. By this it may be seen that this missionary work we are doing is not only the means of lessening a great deal of suffering among the animals, but is a great benefit to the community by preventing the spreading of diseases.

At North Harvard one goat was found without any shelter or feed. Under such conditions, Mr. Irwin had him killed. Two pigs were in a wet pen in East Dennis. Dry bedding and shelter was ordered. A horse with a very sore neck was found, and the owner promised not to work him until the sores healed. Three starving cats were found in East Carver and put to death; also, a homeless dog in Greenbush. Three calves, left out of doors, were in bad condition. The owner promised to put them in the barn and keep them there.

There could be no better advice at the beginning of the New Year than the following, taken from a leaflet by W. F. H. Wentzel:

The Humane Movement a Task for Everybody

Keep alive within yourself that spark of human greatness called sympathy. It is the voice of your Creator summoning you to the unity of common interest in *creation*.

Some creature is suffering: you may be the one to rescue.

There is a cry of distress: you may relieve it.

Some starving cat may have a miserable death but for you.

Some tortured dog may be dependent on your response to his pitiful plea.

Some beaten horse may have no other sympathetic witness.

Some heartbroken bird, robbed of its mate and its nest, may suffer genuine anguish because you failed to make its plea to some thoughtless youth.

You may get the "cue" that can prevent a cockfight.

You may break up a live-pigeon-shoot or a cruel fox hunt.

Plan to save the delivery horse in rush seasons.

Make your back yard a refuge for birds.

Aim to bring about in your community *humane killing* of food animals as well as of stray, sick, injured and aged animals.

Instruct children in acts of kindness and mercy.

Encourage humane literature for the home, the school and the library.

Support your Humane Society by sentiment and by co-operation for effective service.

In the absence of a Humane Society arrange for an agent to accept the simpler *humane* duties of your community.

Give favorable comment to drivers and owners for kind acts toward their animals.

Make known your disapproval of unkind acts; as to blanketing, feeding, overloading, or cruelty of any kind.

Help to discourage the checkrein, blinders, docking horses' tails and cropping dogs' ears.

Discourage fishing, hunting and trapping for the mere sport of killing. Get rid of the steel trap, toy weapons and war games.

When giving gifts to the needy, keep in mind those whom God has not blessed with speech. A horse blanket or horse feed may be a triple gift, blessing the horse, the owner, and the giver.

Add your sentiment to *national humane problems* until victory is secured and such cruelties stamped as indecencies not to be tolerated in our enlightened land. Note cruelties on cattle ranges where hundreds of thousands die for want of food and shelter, cruelties in cattle shipment in heat and cold without necessary food and water, cruelties in slaughtering of food animals without stunning, useless cruelties in laboratories, cruelties in fur and feather trades, cruelties in trained animal shows and cruelties in bloody contests under the guise of sport.

Man is cruel for sport and dollars. Both are a blight on civilization. Add your sentiment toward a majority to *outlaw cruelty*.—Presbyterian Board of Temperance and Moral Welfare, Columbia Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I'd rather be mean to a person
Than mean to a dog or a cat,
For people can tell a policeman
And animals cannot do that.

—*Humane Monthly*, Tuscon, Arizona, Humane Society.

LETTERS

FOXBORO, MASS.

In reply to your inquiry about the dog we took from the League the first of October, would say that he seems to be doing very well. Our chief difficulty has been that he was not housebroken and has only just now begun to seem to have much life and want to play. He has been excellent with the children from the start, and now seems like a normal dog. For the first three weeks he was so quiet that it seemed to indicate either a previous experience of ill treatment or a diseased condition, but I think now the former must have been the case. It is the third dog that we have had in my family from the League and each has proven very satisfactory. Very sincerely,—M. F. W.

You inquired how the little black kitten which I took was getting along. He has turned out to be a wonderful cat, and I would not give him up for anything. He was very ill for a time with wire-worms and I thought I would surely lose him, but he came out all right. He is affectionate and a very good mouser. I will let you know from time to time how "Blackie" is getting along. He seems very contented. Sincerely,—J. E. H.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 27, 1922.

In reply to your card of inquiry regarding the cat No. 2688, I am pleased to say he is very happy, contented, and well, and has become a great pet. Sincerely yours,—H. G. R.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

I take much pleasure in telling you that the dog I got from you (No. 4235) is perfectly satisfactory in every way. He is in fact such a lovely and affectionate fellow that he easily captured the hearts of both my wife and son, while I am his god. You may rest assured that he is perfectly happy and contented. Yours very truly,—W. C. B.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 27, 1922.

Replying to your card, in reference to dog 4191, would report as follows: No. 4191 has been changed to "Laddie Boy." "Laddie Boy" has a ten-room house, a garage, and eight acres of land. When he came here, I owned the above-mentioned property—now he does. He is about as big again as when he arrived. "Knock 'em Stiff" divested him of fleas, and now the only things he scratches are the doors, to intimate that his lordship wishes to enter.

"We call him "Laddie" for short. My housekeeper has changed it to "Baddy," for she says he is a thief. He came home from a neighbor's recently with practically a whole cooked duck—we are not asking questions of the neighbor and "Laddie" has not been interviewed as to how he got it. They are rich people and what's one duck anyway—if he brought a whole flock, we might investigate.

So far as I know, he is healthy—he eats anything we give him, all we give him, and all else he can get, from whatever source. The high cost of living is one subject that does not interest "Laddie." "When do I eat again?" is the first question on his list, regardless of what Edison's is. He has learned to carry the evening paper up the driveway and deposit it in my reading chair. He does it very enthusiastically, in that when he is bound on doing that, if you get in his way, you are liable to get knocked over—he does not wish to waste time going around anything; he goes right through. To me he is perfectly satisfactory. As to whether I am satisfactory to him as his master, I cannot say. He seems glad to see me when I get home and runs to meet me. If I see him in time to get my feet braced I am all right, but if I don't, he knocks me over, he comes so with a rush of apparently pure gladness at seeing me home again.

When I bring him to Boston, I will be glad to have him call on you, and you can interview him with reference to his home and family. There are three cats here. Two of them he is very friendly with, and they play and sleep together on the grass. The third one he plays with distantly. That cat is three years old and disdains to fool around with a mere child of a dog. He is a very dignified cat, but they do not fight—"Laddie" sees to that.

In conclusion, let me say, "Laddie" is just all dog, lovable, obedient, full of fun, just bubbling over with the joy of living—that is the way I want all my pets at Green Acres. Cordially yours,—C. N. D.

Editor "Our Fourfooted Friends":

I saw you made use of my letter about Zippo in a recent number. I am sure Zippo himself would be quite pleased about it if he knew. He is sleeping close by me as I write. The dear fellow is as well and happy as possible, and appears to enjoy life hugely with his adoring friends and family, and his two cat chums.

I have a large square feather pillow expressly for Zippo's use, for of course a dog should have his own bed, shouldn't he?—and I change its cover frequently, for I feel sure that he enjoys having it fresh and nice. It is very funny, now that the weather has become so chilly, to see the way the two pussies try to steal Zippo's bed, for they enjoy its warmth, though they have the whole range of the house and every sofa and chair in it.

Poor Zippo seems quite in despair about this, for he is too much of a gentleman to ask the pussies to quit, and so he meekly lies down beside them on the extreme outer edge. You would laugh to see the three of them trying to sleep on that one cushion. Sometimes there is not even room enough for Zippo's head on the cushion, when both the pussies spread themselves over it, and then Zippo comes to me, and looks up into my face with such a wistful expression that I readily understand what he wishes to say. So I get up and gently remove the two intruders, and dear Zippo throws himself down on his bed with a deep sigh of satisfaction, as though to say, "Thank heaven, *she's* not too polite to keep them in their proper place!" It is great fun to watch this trio, who really seem to have a genuine affection for one another.

I sent a copy of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS to a cousin of mine in Gloucester recently, and she soon afterward wrote me, saying she had joined the Sewing Circle, and was busy making things for the coming fair. Sincerely yours,—Louella Poole.

REVERE, Sept. 2, 1922.

Your communication received in reference to the cat I procured from you. I am happy to state that the cat appears perfectly contented and continues in good health. I must certainly thank you for your solicitous inquiry and will be pleased to refer to you in event of any symptoms of disease. Thanking you again,—L. L.

A Little Wee Pup

A little wee pup with his soul in his eyes
Owns me for his lord and his master;
The wealth of affection his puppy heart holds
Is mine throughout joy or disaster.
He comes at my call let me call when I will,
And regardless of wind or of weather
He'd trudge uncomplainingly numberless miles
So long as we traveled together.

This little wee pup with his soul in his eyes
Takes patiently all of my teasing;
He wriggles and wrestles and tumbles and bumps,
Just happy to know he is pleasing.
If I should be weary, he lies at my feet,
Alert but awaiting my pleasure,
His silky ears listening for word of release
When he may be gay without measure.

My little wee pup with his soul in his eyes
Barks fiercely at sight of a stranger,
Then glances protectingly at me to show
How surely he'll guard me from danger.
Our compact of friendship perforce must be
mute—
Alas that it cannot be spoken!
But this I well know—by the little wee pup
That compact will never be broken.

Oh, little wee pup with your soul in your eyes,
How can I deserve your devotion?
How can I live up to the standard you set
Of friendship and tender devotion?
This thing I would whisper within your soft ear—
"Forever and aye I'm your debtor!
I've given you bread, but you've given me love!
For knowing you I shall be better."

—B. Y. Williams.



Active and Alert When Fed On
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

All Food—No Waste. Ask the man
with the valuable dog—He Knows

Telephone Your Dealer

Potter & Wrightington, Boston

Try SPRATT'S OVALS

(The new pocket biscuit)



Toys want them every day, but they
are equally attractive to big dogs.

Write for sample and send 2-cent stamp
for "Dog Culture."

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of
the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial
in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals
can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried
at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrange-
ments for burials or cremations must be made at the head-
quarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street,
Boston. Telephone Beach 244.

FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

FRANK J. SULLIVAN, M. D. V.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 CARVER
STREET

Telephone
Beach 243

Office Hours:
11 a. m. to 6 p. m., daily

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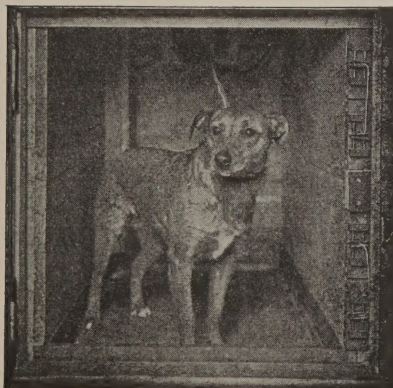
P. O. Address, Box 93, Dedham, Mass.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

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2326 and 2328 Washington St., adjoining Dudley Street
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Chapel. Extensive salesrooms. City and Out-of-Town
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Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals*

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leading humane societies in this and foreign countries.

For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS
EAST BOSTON	341a MERIDIAN STREET
WEST LYNN	60 NEPTUNE STREET

Animals received in 1921	51,772
Animals brought in by visitors	8,650
Copies of humane literature distributed	55,559



FOUR MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND EIGHT AGENTS
are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1921	27,785
Number of animals collected	41,895

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 21 years in charge of the League
Veterinarian Dr. Frank J. Sullivan.

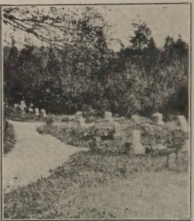
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1921	18,250
Number of peddlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1921	500
Number of horses humanely killed, 1921	750
Number of horses given vacations	42

PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
238 Pine Street, Dedham

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS
238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.

The Animal Rescue League 51 Carver Street, Boston

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, President

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, Secretary

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, Treasurer